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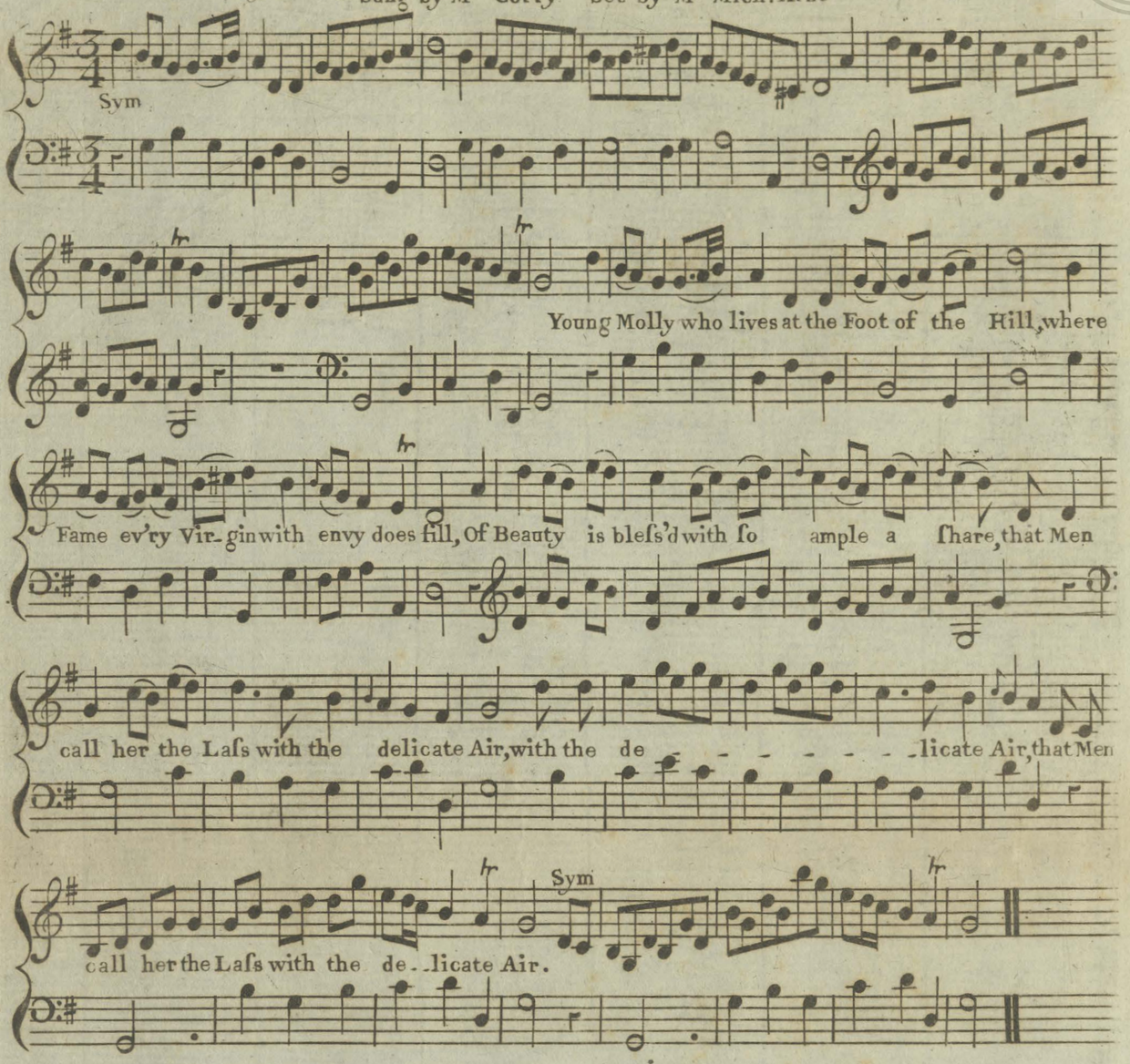
The Laſs with the delicate Air

Sung by Mr Corry Set by Mr Mich: Arne

Domenico Corri 1746-1825 came to London c1789
1740/1-86


Sym
Young Molly who lives at the Foot of the Hill, where
Fame ev'ry Vir-gin with envy does fill, Of Beauty is bleſs'd with ſo ample a ſhare, that Men
call her the Laſs with the delicate Air, with the de - - - - - - - licate Air, that Men
Sym
call her the Laſs with the de - licate Air.

2

One Ev'ning laſt May as I traverſ'd the Grove,
In thoughtleſs retirement not dreaming of Love,
I chanc'd to eſpy the Gay Nymph I declare,
And realy ſhe'd got a moſt delicate Air.

3

By a murmuring Brook on a green Moſſy Bed,
A Chaplet compoſing the Fair one was laid,
Surpriz'd and tranſported I could not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate Air.

4

For that moment young Cupid ſelected a Dart,
And pierc'd without pity my Innocent Heart,
And from thence how to gain the dear Maid was my Care
For a Captive I fell to her delicate Air.

5

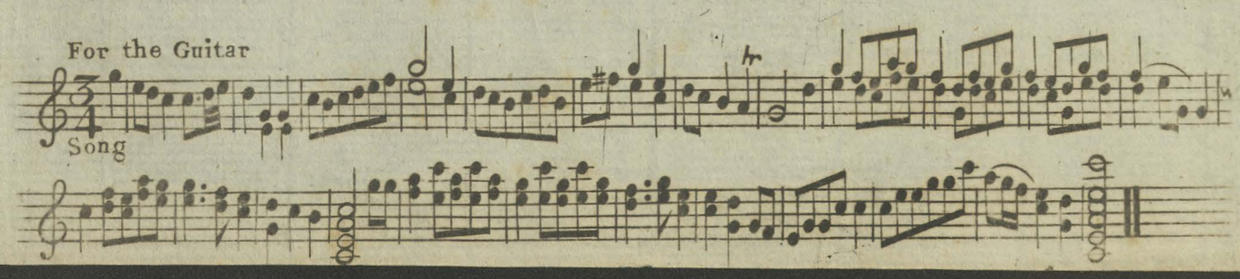
When ſhe ſaw me ſhe bluſh'd and complain'd I was rude,
And beg'd of all things that I would not Intrude,
I anſwer'd I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate Air.

6

Said her Heart was the Prize which I ſought to obtain,
And hop'd that ſhe'd give it to eaſe my fond pain,
She neither rejected nor granted my Pray'r,
But fir'd all my Soul with her delicate Air.

7

A thouſand times o'er I've repeated my Suit,
But ſtill the tormentor affects to be Mute,
Then tell me ye Swains who have conquer'd the Fair,
How to win the dear Laſs with the delicate Air.



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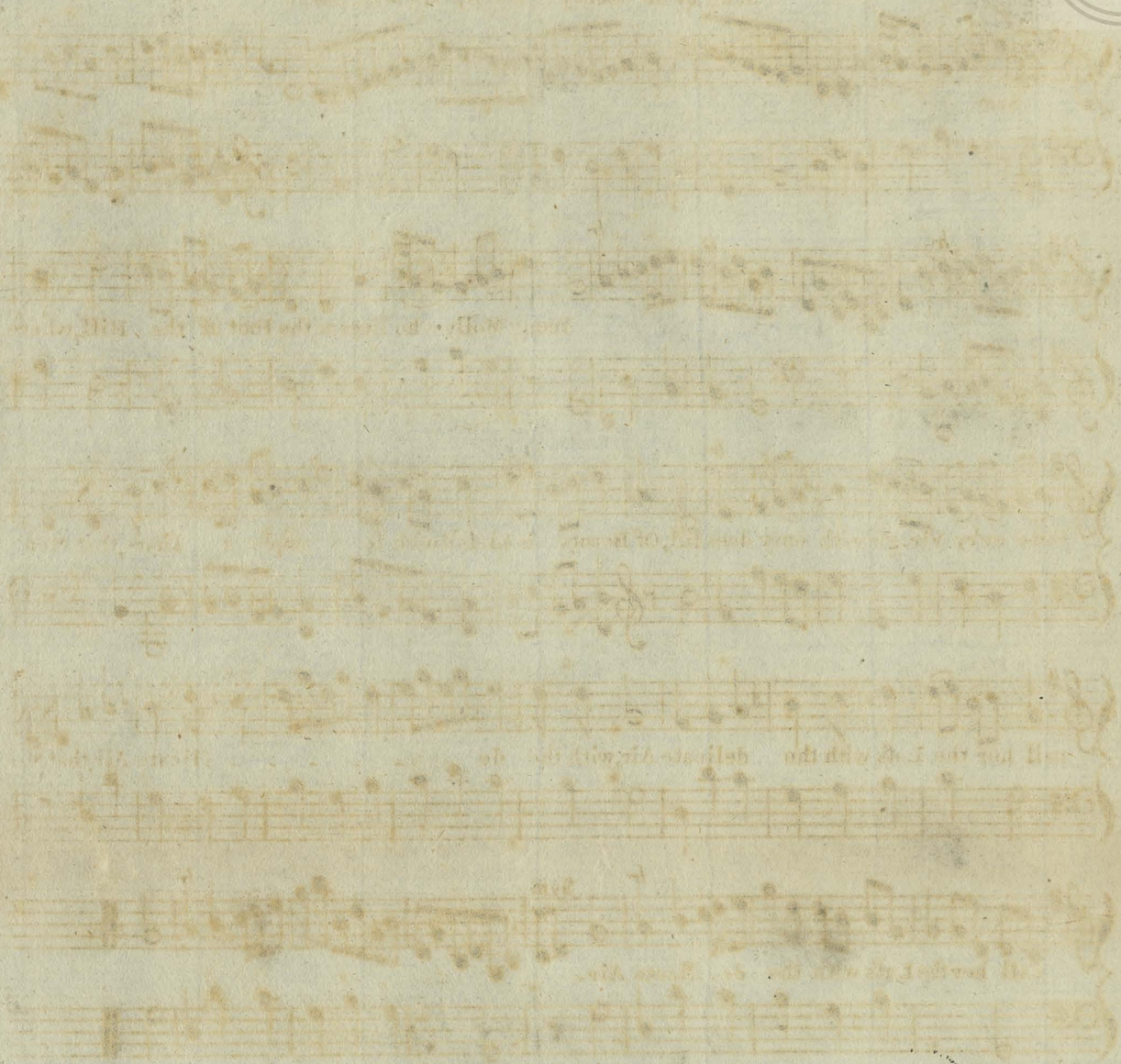

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